The Hancock Jeffersonian.

INDEPENDENT THOUGHT,—UNDISGUISED PURPOSE,—AND UNTRAMMELED ACTION.

S. A. SPEAR, Editor and Proprietor. | FINDLAY, O., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857. | VOL. 4: NO. 19.

Select Poetry.

A Wood Fire.

By my lonely fireside sitting,
Where no other save its flitting,
Flickering light is nigh;
What a world of dreamy fancies
In each little bright flame dances,

Kespi with memory!
Cold and dead and dreamy, seeming
With no germ of fierce life teeming,
Lies the unkindled pile,
Till by flaming brand ignited,
Hearth and heart and home are lighted
With a glowing smile.

With no germ of passion teeming
Throbb'd my heart awhile,
Till its pent flames were ignited,
And my heart and home were lighted
By her glowing smile.

Now the flames are dancing, singing
Cheerful thoughts and feelings bringing
To my heart and home,
And a golden light is glowing,
With a radiant splendor flowing
Over all my room.

She was gayly dancing, singing,
And her merry laugh was ringing
Through by heart and home:
All her soul, with joy o'erflowing,
And her radiant face was glowing
With a roseate bloom.

Now the flames are dancing, reeling
Gastly, shadowy forms are stealing
Noiseless through my room;
Flickering, fading, dying—
Hearth and heart and home are lying,
Wrapt in cheerless gloom,

Shadows o'er thy heart were stealing
And I was here struggling, reeling
Downward to the tomb!
Gloom was on my hearthstone lying,
She I lov'd was dying, dying
In her youthful bloom.

Dead the smould'ring heap now lieth:
Dead! the boding gloom replieth:
Shading now my hearth;
Death! and like its flame are dying
All the pleasures that are lying
On our wayward path.

Death! O God, the form I cherish'd—
Death! and with her being perish'd
Cheer from off my hearth.
Dead my hopes! my heart is dying!
Dead the roses that are lying
On my lonely path. REPPO.

Ravenswuswood, Nov. 4.

Common Things.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAWE.

The sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lonely cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher boat,
Out on the lonely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's coronne
More beautiful than they:
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door;
The heat-flower fills the air with sweets,
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

Miscellaneous.

The Importance of Being Rich.

One day last week, George E. Parmilee, a merchant doing business at No. 35 Murray street, N. Y., was a rested, charged with having during the past two years, robbed the store of Messrs. R. E. Dibble & Co., occupying the first floor of the same building, of silks, satins, and other costly goods to the value of $30,000. After his arrest he acknowledged his guilt and disclosed the manner in which his robberies were accomplished. He always performed his work on Sundays and got rid of his plunder before the store was opened on the following morning. To obtain access to the store, he made a rope ladder by which he descended from his own store to that of Dibble & Co.—He then selected such goods as he thought proper, tied the package together and fastened the bundle to the bottom of his ladder and its appendages. The goods thus obtained were then packed up, and before Dibble & Co.'s store was opened on Monday morning he had them shipped for Philadelphia or Baltimore. The New York Times lets us into the following passage of Parmilee's life, which shows what kind of material the *ton* is made of and why it is necessary that they should have money:

"GETTING AN ARISTOCRATIC WIFE.—The fashionable world of New York must have been startled out of its propriety yeste day when the arrest of G. E. Parmilee was announced in the columns of the Times. If the fashionable world could ever be excited or astonished at anything, it must have been both excited and astonished at the intelligence that one of the most ardent worshippers of the *ton*, had committed a robbery to the extent of $30,000, and—misguided man!—had actually confessed his crime.

The event, possibly, has thrown many of our Fifth Avenue ladies in the agony of remorse and despair. A marrying man—a man that publicly gave out that he was in search of a wife—has been dragged from the magic circle of the upper ten; he will no longer dine in goodly company at the Clarendon, but he will be compelled to board and lodge at a public establishment, kept at the public expense, but which even the lower twenty prefer to keep aloof from."

From the career of George E. Parmilee, as from the career of all criminals, there is some short lession to be derived. The cause of all Parmilee's troubles, follies, and crimes, was an overweening ambition to be considered an *habitue* of aristocratic society. In personal appearance he is tall and not unprepossessing. He is about thirty five years of age, but looks but a dozen years older. His gray hairs, just begining to appear should have warned him against the foolishness and wickedness of his life during the past four years, for it is only within this period that his mind has been turned by the insane desire to become a leader rather than a follower of fashion. He first strained every nerve to obtain the *entree* of some of the leading houses in this city, and his success in this respect has been most remarkable.

Many young ladies while reading the history of Parmilee's crime, will—but with what feelings we shall not depict—that he once enjoyed their acquaintance, perhaps their friendship, or, may be he pressed for a warmer and closer relationship. Over these again of *tenderness* we must draw the veil of secrecy. But it is notorious that it was the aim of Parmilee's life and eager ambition, to marry some fascinating young lady of courtly manners and aristocratic pretensions. He was mad upon the subject; he paid addresses right and left; he proposed indiscriminately to every fair idol who at all came up to his standard of perfection. There are a number of ladies now in this city, who have had the strength of mind to withstand the impetuous and repeated assaults of this ferocious Lothario. Alas, poor George! charmed he never so wisely, he could produce no effect whatever. The female heart grew harder at the sight of his despair. In vain he forsook the obscure German tailor who made him homely pants in days of yore, and applied to Arnoux for the last and most exquisitely modeled cut. In vain he abandoned the secluded temple where Rev. Obadiah Smithson held forth by the hour on Sabbath days, and frequented, in lieu thereof, Dr. Alexander's church, where the extra-fashionable alone only do congregate. In vain did he give up his scantily furnished room over the store, and live, now at the Clarendon, the Everitt or the Gramercy. During last winter he enjoyed at different times, but without any practical result, the comforts and luxuries which all these establishments afford as inducements to wealthy guests. In vain did Parmilee visit Saratoga during four successive seasons, and obtain an introduction with any one and every one whom it was possible for him to know.

Though the circle of his female acquaintances increased, his chances of obtaining an aristocratic wife seemed to diminish. As time advanced and his gray hairs began to thicken he grew desperate. He made a fresh proposal about once a week. His vanity kept his eyes open to the absurdity of his position. He had in himself nothing to attract a woman's fancy—much less to gain her love. It is true that he was educated—a graduate of the Michigan University, we are told; but neither his conversation nor his manner were of a nature to impress very favorably his female friends. They tolerated his society only to laugh at him behind his back. Imagine poor Parmilee trying to soften the stony heart of a proud beauty by exhibiting certificates of good character from Professors and Book-keepers! Such was his resources for making the course of true love run smooth. His remedy as may be supposed, was very seldom, if ever efficacious.

"Does Mr. Parmilee ever call on you?" we hear Miss A. inquire of Miss B.

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, encourage him, for when he does come he will amuse you so much."

Poor Parmilee! To be fashionable he must have plenty of means. He was fond of boasting of his wealth.—"With money," he used to say, "I can obtain anything—even an aristocratic wife." So he carefully circulated the report that he was worth $40,000, "and besides," he would add, "I operate largely upon the stock exchange."—Bad times for that. Nevertheless, he did a fair business and would have done better had he been sat sfied with a moderate income. He had the credit of being a practical man, and always held a high character until he committed the robbery for which he was lately arrested.

He was not dissipated, nor was he naturally expensive in his habits. But his passion for "good society and an aristocratic wife" overcame his better judgment; and as soon as he entered the portals of Uppertendom's palace, he became at once transformed into the personification of a Fifth-avenue-dle.—His walk down Broadway was no longer that of an unpretending tradesman, but, with his left arm in his breeches pocket, and swinging his right with an air of careless ease, he looked, or fancied he looked, like the owner of the Astor estate. He had scarcely any friends, and the young men of his acquaintance only noticed him to quiz his infirmities.

Parmilee as we stated in yesterday's issue, has made full confession of the heavy robbery with which he stands charged. His desire to move in fashionable society, and appear wealthy, was a luxury that he could not afford, and hence the commission of a crime for which, in all probability, he will be sent to the State Prison. His career is a warning to those young men who imagine that a social position can be gained in this country by the possession of wealth. This is no bar with us to honest ambition—there is no position which any man may not aspire; but the aspirant for either social or political fame must rise by industry, by talent, and by virtue; without these even money will not avail."

"Laugh and grow fat" is a sage advice; and with an object to do good, we append below a few exciting causes:"

Policeman (to Boy.)—'Now, then, off with that hoop! or I'll precious soon help you!'

Lady (who imagines the observation is made to her.) 'What a monster!' [Lifts up the crinoline, and hurries off.]

Women and Marriage.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world says—well. Some have moved into costly houses with their furniture and splendid arrangement, for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes making me, in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and pursuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and now thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature that blushes even now at the hesitating caress, listening ergerly for his footsteps as the night steals on and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and loveliness chastened with gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent and delicate attentions, which first won her; and her fair children are gathered about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.

How Paul and Peter Looked.

It is allowable to mention the general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and as represented by early artists. Paul is set down before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His statute was diminutive and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright grey eye, under a thickly over hanging and united eyebrows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words on more than one occasion, show that he suffered much from the lack of bodily strength.

Peter is represented as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of a soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair which is described as entirely grey at the time of his death, curled black and thick around his temples and chin, when the apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditionary pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we take them as helps to the imagination.

The Aim of Nature.

There is an aim which all Nature seeks; the flower that opens from the bud light that breaks the cloud into a thousand forms of beauty—is calmly striving to assume the perfect glory of its power; and the child whose proud laugh heralds the mastery of a new lesson, unconsciously develops the same life-impulse, seeking to brave the power it has felt its own.

This is the real glory of life, shining dimly from afar; for, as our tallest power was never yet attained, it is a treasure which must be sought its extent and distance being unknown no man can tell what he can do, or suffer, until tried; his path of action broadens out before him, and while a path appears, there is power to traverse it. It is like the fabled hill of Genius, that ever presented a lottier elevation above the one attained. It is like the glory of the stars, which shine by borrowed light, each seeming source of which is tributary to one more distant, until the view is lost to us; yet we only know there must be a liefe-giving centre, and, to the steady mind, though the goal of life be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain, while all lesser aims are but reflections of this glory in myriad-descending shades, which must be passed, one by one, as the steps of the ladder on which he mounts to heaven.

Man has an unfortunate predilection to pervert whatever God throws in his way to aid him, and thus turn good to evil. The minor hopes which spur to action are mistaken for the final one, and we often look no higher than some mean wish, allowing that to rule us which should have been our servant. From this false view rises little exertion, for it is impossible for man to believe in something better, and be content with worse. We all aim at self control and independence while in the shadow of a power which controls us, whispering inwerly. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but how apt is self-indulgence to suit this limit to its own measure, and suffer veneration and doubts to overgrow and suppress the rising hope of independent thought. "I am not permitted to know this, or to do this," is the excuse of the weak and trivial; but the question should be, "Can I know or do this?" for what is not permitted we cannot do. We may not know the events of the future, or the period of a thought, or the Great First Cause, but we may hope to see and combine the atoms of things—pierce the realms of space—make the wilderness a garden—attain perfection of soul and body; and for this, our end, and we may master all things needful.

There is nothing possible that faith and striving cannot do; take the road, and it must lead you to the goal, though strewn with difficulties, and cast through pain and shade. If each would strain his energies to gain what he has dared to hope for, he would succeed for since that which we love honor is in our nature, it is to be drawn forth, and what is not there we cannot wish.

Our greatest drawback is, not that we expect too much, but that we do too little; we set our worship low, and let our higher powers lie dormant; thus are we never masters, but blind men stumbling in each other's way. As maturity means self-controlling power, so he who gains not this is childish, and must submit, infant-like, to controlled by others. This guidance we must feed in our upward course, and be grateful for the check; but as we have each a work to do, we must look beyond help to independence. The schoolboy receives aid in learning, that he may one day strive with his own power, for if he always depends on help, he can never be a useful man.

He who seeks for himself no path, but merely follows where others have been before, covering his own want with another's industry, may find the road not long or thickly set, but he does and gains nothing. He who bows to difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill instead of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered place—a snug retreat—but the world in its glory he can never see, and the pestilence from the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest in perfect comfort, but the health that comes of labor will fade away. The trees of the forest were not planted that man might pass round and live between them, but that he might cut them down use them. The savage has little toil before him, but the civilized man has greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful, and bid his genius rule his fellow-men: he must toil to gain means; while his thought read the hearts that he would sway, he must be led into tempta ion and pass through pain and danger, ere he can know what another may endure. Would he pour golden truth upon the page of life? he must seek it from every source, weigh the relations of life, and concede to its taste, that he may best apply it, for the proverb must be written in fair round hand, that common men may read it. Would he picture the life of man or nature? he must go forth with heart and eye alive, nor turn from the sorest notes of human woe, or the coarsest tones of vice; he must watch the finest ray of light, and mark the falling of the last withered leaf. Would he be actively benevolent? winter cold, nor summer lassitude, must not appal him, in season, and out of season, he must be ready; injured, pride, wounded feeling, must not not unstring his energy, while stooping to learn from the simplest lips the nature of those wants to which he would minister.

In all accomplishment there is difficulty; the greater the work, the greater the pains. There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or grace for the steps of life are slow, and what is not thus attained is nothing worth. In darkness, the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom when objects appear, one by one until the most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden light, the eyes are pained, and blinded, and left weak.

At school, we found that when one difficulty was surmounted, another was presented; mastering "Addition" would not do, we must learn "Subtraction," so it is in life. A finished work is a glory won, but a mind content with one accomplishment is childish, and its weakness renders it incapable of applying that—"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," his one talent shall rise up to him as a shame. A little sphere insures but little happiness.

WANTED IMMEDIATLY.—Two lines to fill out this column.

A Leaf Still.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an ged patriarch. "Ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still.—I love the beauty of the maiden blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of the birds, and, above all, the silvery ring in the laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadow where the buttercups grow with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years go, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her! Her face is careworn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I hared the bitter cup of sorrow wit her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, as like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

"Together we have placed buds in the pale folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves.—Through storms and through sunshine we have clung together and now she sits there with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old-syled kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me—the dim, blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the glad day the sunlight, throwing her parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles, angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, shine through these withered features, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

"Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain cloudy, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

Make Your Company Comfortable.

"Well, what is the best way to do so?" Not to turn the usual course of things upside down, and shake the pillars of your domestic economy till they are ready to fall about your ears, all because you have company.

Not to insist upon it, that your visitors must eat some of all the innumerable kinds of nice things, provided expressly for them, nor make it a point of conscience that they shall never for a moment be left alone. Not to push all work out of sight and reach, for fear it will not be thought showing proper attention to your friends, to have your hands employed in their presence.

Not to torture your brain, striving to think of subjects of conversation, when there is nothing particular, nor interesting, that either you or your friends wish to say.

So much for negatives—a few of them, for they might well be multiplied indefinitely. To make a visitor feel at ease in your house; be easy and natural in all you do or say. Make no unusual efforts of any kind, for the surest way to make your friend wish himself at home, is to let him feel that you are "putting your self out" for his sake.

Give him freely and cordially the liberty of your house. Assure him of your wish that he should, while you, consider himself as one of the family, and that you expect him to eat, sleep, talk, or keep silence, go out, or come in, read, write, mingle with the family circle, or retire to his chamber, exactly as he would do were the house his own, and you "make your company comfortable."

To be tormented by people's politeness, is almost a bad as to, be vexed by their incivility. True politeness has very delicate and sensitive perceptions, and will never be officious nor overdone.

Said one gentleman to another, whom he had invited to pass the time of his sojourn in a strange city in his house, "Come, make my house your home—go out and come in as suits your convenience. I cannot have the pleasure of devoting much time to you, but my house is heartily at your service, whenever you find the time to go to it. What leisure I have, I shall be pleased to spend with you—but whether you see much of me or no, pray make yourself comfortable, and at home in my house, and you will gratify me." That was real, gospel politeness, such as makes visitors comfortable.

A shoemaker received a not efrom a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a new pair of shoes, and knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her asking her whether she would like them to be "Wround or 'Squire Toad?" The lady, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied Knee ther.

—A gentleman once asked a lady of his acquaintance, 'What are you making, Miss Knapp?' 'Knapp sacks,' was her reply.

Scenes on the Ocean Floor.

Besides the countless varieties of the fucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea lettuce, with large porous lichens, and many-branched hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever moving tiny arms.

These plants form submarine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order; here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thickest seem impenetrable, then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf.—There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially, seems to gratify every whim and freak. Creaping close to the ground or sending long-streched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale green sea-groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendantly rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold and purple.

And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all colors of the rain-bow, and deep under the hollow briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily, gay-painted mollusks, and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, while huge, grey-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees.—There is the gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side-long shark with his leaden eyes, the thick haired sea leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms, which ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they gaze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! an angry shark comes slyly, silently around that grove, its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea dog first becomes aware of his dreadful enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fungus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful fish disappears in the branches of the monocystis, lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shaped roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with his sharp pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conseal his last agony in the woods, but, blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.—*Put's. Magazine.*

Peculiar Characteristics of Meteoric Stones.

There is one character which is peculiar in the meteoric stone, and which proves to be of high significance, viz: its substance is composed of min ral ingredients which are indicated with matters of familiar occurrence upon the earth; but amidst these, iron is found in great abundance as it is never found on the earth; that is, in a native or nearly pure metallic and uncombined state. On the terrestrial surface, iron is always mingled with diverse matters, from which it has to be extracted by art, when it is required as a pure metal. The omnipresent and corrosive oxygen of the air alone prevents it from maintaining such condition long; this rusts and eats it away. Oxygen and iron have so irresistibly strong an attraction or affinity for each other that they invariably combine when they are left together. Thus, then, the unoxydized and purely metallic condition of iron in the aerolite proves that it comes from a situation in which there is no oxygen; that is, from beyond the bonds of the atmosphere, and that it is, therefore, altogether unterrestrial.

"Thanks!" muttered our bachelor friend, "no more women in Heaven—can't get in. Their hoops are so broad they will have to go the broad road! None of these fashionables can ever crowd through the narrow gate.'—Something in that.

Byron is said to have remarked that 'the greatest trial to a woman's beauty is the ungraceful act of eating eggs.' Some Yankee remarks that the poet could never have seen a lady hanging on by the teeth to a blazing hot corn cob!

A down east paper says that during a thunder storm in that vicinity recently, a man and three telegraph poles were knocked down by a thunder bolt, and remained insensible nearly half an hour.

The Return to India—The Views of Rev. G. L. Hay.

Rev. G. L. Hay, who went from Indianoplis, Indiana, about seven years ago, to India, as a missionary of the Assembly's Board (Old School Presbyterian) and who was stationed in the Northern Presidency when the rebellion occurred, escaped, as our readers have already learned, with his family, and returned home by way of England. He arrived in New York last week; and from statements given by him to the New York papers we obtain the following as his views of the progress and prospects of the rebellion:

The causes of the mutiny are more wide-reaching in the Bengal Presidency than in either of the other two—Bombay and Madras. The principal of these is to be found in the policy pursued by the government in the construction of the army. While in Bombay and Madras the native forces are constituted of more heterogeneous materials, in Bengal caste has been recognized, and the entire force drawn from a homogeneous set of men, who have always looked upon themselves as a superior class, and who never have nor never will work. To be soldiers, and as such superior to other men, is their social condition and pride. In thus attaching to itself the military caste, the government believed that it was securing the strength of the country, and that it would play off caste against caste with security.

It is this pampered pride that has thus turned upon those who fostered it. Musselman ambition has joined with the Brahminical teachers, and they have used every means to stimulate the pride of the Sepoys and their hatred for anything that might tend to deprive them of their social superiority. So far as regards the great mass of the other inhabitants, Mr. Hay does not think they are deeply imbued with the spirit of disaffection. The administration of justice by the British officials has been equitable; and though some of the native officers of the government have abused their power, and ill-treated the native population subject to them, the mass of the people recognise in the British rule a far better administration than has ever been experienced under native government. They are therefore not deeply interested in the success of the mutineers, except so far as the excited fanaticism of some may lead them to participate in it.

Mr. Hay does not anticipate that the mutiny will embrace Central and Southern India to any considerable extent, for the reason above stated; and he thinks that Delhi cannot be retaken much before the close of the year, if so soon. The re-conquest of the Northern Presidency has to be effected, and it will probably be a slow operation; but of the ultimate success of the British troops there can be no doubt. The destruction of vested interests, however, will be great, and everything in the shape of e terprise must be commenced anew. As an instance, he states that the entire establishment of the mission at Allahabad, has been destroyed, and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has incurred a loss of fully two hundred thousand dollars. He will arrange soon to give public addresses on India, in the hope to bring back to the Board, from the contribution of those interested in the subj ct in this country, some portion of the great loss it has sustained. His own personal loss has been so great as to deprive him of all the means he possessed, and it was almost a miracle that he and his family escaped with their lives. It is his intention to proceed shortly to Washington to place the information in his possession before the government.

Moral Influence of a Literary Taste.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of the greatest peril are between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all of soothing and tender images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his impulse becomes a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say unto him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you who weary, counsel you when perplexed, sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle; but you want but two of these agents, the book and candle.—*Geo. S. Hillard.*

The President has issued proclamation for the sale of 1,400,000 acres of public lands in the State of California; about 450,000 acres in the State of Missouri; and for the sale of the unlocated tracts in the Sioux and half breed reservation on Lake Pepin, in the Territory of Minnesota. The sales in California will take place in the month of May next; those in Missouri and Minnesota in March next.

A farmer going to get his grist ground' at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was somehow or other knocked into the water by the waterwheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned, and when the news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there'll be now about that bag!"

Have Something to Read.

As there are many who, in the present state of affairs, are looking forward to a quiet life and small economies, perhaps a word on the subject may not be unacceptable, and a comment on the fact that the libraries are for once to be cultivated somewhat will be agreeable. For though it is not appreciated in the feverish, pleasure seeking, dissipated society of our large cities, it is none the less true that Evenings at Home may be made in the end much more agreeable than any evenings abroad; and that quiet sociability and easy intercourse may be rendered intellectual to a degree which is far from being generally understood, or acted on.

It is a fact, and the book-selling, but still more the periodical publishing business of 1840, show it to be true, that after periods of commercial revulsion and domestic economy, people, in paying more attention to quiet pleasures, read more than they were wont to. At the time of which we speak, our leading periodicals were the first articles indicated a sign of a rise they did very rapidly. And if we fall back on ordinary experience, what is more natural than that a man who cannot afford theatre or opera tickets, should stay at home, and while there, read. There is no pleasure so cheap, none so satisfactory, none which affords so much room for comment or conversation, nothing which leaves more profitable results when over. There are men, it is true, who, when economising, first strike off the paper or magazine—and it is not less true that such economy is always of the most miserable description and most heartily regretted. The very trivial price of newspaper and periodical literature, as compared to that of any other pleasure, the degree to which it can be extended to others in the family, and the absolute necessity, no matter how poor a man may be, of having some means of passing time of an evening, all show that such economy should instead of the first, be among the very last thought of.

It is somewhat remarkable, that reading, as a real incentive to economy, is not more insisted on. We never knew a man undertake to get along without reading, who did not waste money enough, in consequence of the idleness which it induced, to replace all the reading several times over. Something pleasant to look over, and which may have cost only from two cents to two shillings, has kept many a man from strolling about town, spending as many dollars, and buying his repentance dearly after all. Friends—believe us—you may be poor—but you are never so wretchedly poor as when you have Nothing to Read.—[Eve. Bulletin.

Stuck up Folkd.

"I don't like those people; that are so stuck up," was the remark we overheard the other day. What are "stuck up" people? thought we and we have been looking about to see if we could find any:

Do you see that young man yonder, leaning up to that post at the hotel piazza, twirling a shodow walking stick; now coaxing the hair on his upper lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they observe him, he belongs to the stuck up folks. What is the occasion? Well, he happens to have a rich father and a foolish and vain mother, who have taught him that he isn't common folks at all, and that poverty is almost vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become stuck up. He doesn't take pains to learn anything, for he doesn't feel the need of knowing any more, he dares not work, for he never required to and he is so extensively stuck up that he hasn't the idea that he will ever come down. He doesn't know however.

There goes a young woman—lady, she calls herself—with the condascending air to no one in particular, and an all pervading consciousness that creation and other mankind are looking at and admiring her. She never earned the salt she eats, knowing little, very little of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything is most anxious least she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, as she supposes. She is one of the stuck up folks, and that is all she is.

The old gentleman over the way barricaded with half a yard of shirt collar guarded with a gold-headed cane with a pompous patronizing air—Co, you see him! Well he is one of those stuck up folks, too. It has been about ten years since he got off his apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate, and won't know a mechanic.

There are other folks of this class; some stuck up by having at some time been constable, justice of the peace, councilman, and in various other ways they got stuck up notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of pride, they are not distinguished folks, for they have not ability or character enough to make them so. They are just what they appear to be—stuck up." Therefore let them stick.

Love and War.—War Love are strange compeers—war sheds blood, and love sheds tears; war has spears, and love has darts, war breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.

A girl in trousers went about Syracuse a week or two since making love to the young ladies, who thought her a nice young man. Ah, those girls are up to anything.

A lady informs a Boston editor that having a good constitution, she can bear a great deal of happiness. Her idea of perfect bliss is a fast horse in a sleigh, plenty of buffalo robes, and a neat fitting overcoat with a man in it. She added, if more that is not happiness, I'm open to conviction as to what is!

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another sheep's wool on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back. There, now." Poor Smith sneaked.

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.—A little girl, seven years of age, daughter of Mr. Collie Dodge, of this town, was playing in a field on Friday afternoon of last week, where several stumps were burning, when her clothes took fire and she was so badly burned that she died the next evening.—*Painsville Adv.*

A county editor says he has received the following 'stop my paper:'

'Dear Sir: I have looked carefully over your paper for the last six months, for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off; you will please have my name erased.'